

"The Glorious Fourth."

THE BOY'S RESOLVE.
Breathes there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
Away along in May:
"I'll save my cash that I may buy
Some crackers loud and rockets high,
To wake the echoes in the sky,
On Independence Day?"

THE CHILDREN'S FOURTH.
"I'm afraid of the Fourth of July,"
Clucked a chick who lived in Delhi;
"So I'll pack up my grip,
With my sunshade and skip,
And away to the city I'll fly."

LEO AND THE FOURTH.
That July is the month of the
Zo banal writers have written,
But the lion that I have my eye on—
He represents Britain—
Had trouble in saving his bacon
One day in July
Gone by.
So a statement like this
Cun zano sails
Must be taken.

THE AFTERMATH.
Mrs. when the day has gone by,
How heavy and heartfelt the sigh.
As the hills all come in
For the fireworks and din,
And we find the fun coats mighty high.
And the boy, as with pain he is tossed
Over his pillow, then reckons the cost
Which the day's sport imposed.
In his both optics closed
And the finger of two he has lost.

MAY'S PRISONER.

"So Harry is really coming at last," said Mrs. Chapin, as her husband laid down a letter he had been reading and took up the newspaper. "Every summer for five years he has talked of it, but I am glad that his visit has been postponed until now, so that you, to her sister-in-law, can help entertain him. Frank always said you two were meant for each other."

A scarlet flush rose to May Chapin's usually pale cheeks. "What possessed the man to come here now?" she exclaimed. "He will spoil our visit together, and if I have been held up to him as half the paragon Frank has pictured him to me, we shall hate each other cordially. I almost hate him now!"

"I wouldn't, May," began Mrs. Chapin, who was an inveterate teaser; "it has always been a pet scheme of Frank's that you two should marry. Indeed, I think he only asked him here now so that he could make you acquainted."

"I won't stay. I'll go to Cousin Mason's until he is gone!" exclaimed May. "When will he be here, Frank?" to her brother.

"Who?" asked Frank innocently. "Your paragon, Harry Briston. He?" "Oh!"—referring to the letter which he placed carefully in his pocket—"he will be here on Saturday."

"On Saturday," repeated May, with a sigh of relief, "almost a week yet. How does he look, Frank?"

"Pretty well, I believe; he hasn't been ill," replied her brother.

"What is the use of being so hateful, Frank? You know what I mean," said Miss Chapin. "What is he like?"

"Opinions differ," replied Mr. Chapin. "Some think like his mother, some like his father."

May turned in mock despair to her sister-in-law.

"Cook mutton for dinner today, Carrie," she said; "Frank hates it."

"I wouldn't dare," replied Mrs. Chapin, "because after dinner I mean to ask Frank for some money to get us some new dresses before Harry comes."

"Don't ask, Carrie," replied Mr. Chapin, seriously; "I have to make up a large sum of money this week, and shall have hard work to do it. I am going to Trenton tomorrow to see about it. You and May may go with me if you wish."

"Of course I'll go," replied his wife; but Miss Chapin excused herself. "I have some letters to write before I go to Cousin Mason's," she said. "You go, Carrie, and I will write them tomorrow."

"Surely you are not going away because Harry is coming," exclaimed Mr. Chapin.

"Indeed I am," replied Miss Chapin. "I haven't heard anything but Harry! Harry! Harry! for the last five years. I know I shall hate him, and I hope I shall!"

"All right, sis," replied her brother. "Go, of course, if you wish," and an indescribable expression flashed into his eyes. "He will be here Saturday." A few moments later he looked up from the paper.

"Here is a chance to earn your dresses," he said. "See here!"

"Fifty dollars reward for the capture—or information leading to the capture—of Harry Wainlee, an insane gentleman who escaped from the Trenton asylum on Monday, and is supposed to have taken the road to Linton. Said patient is five feet

eight, young, with dark hair and eyes; is clean shaven, with the exception of a heavy dark moustache. Not violent or dangerous unless contradicted or excited."

"Well," queried May, as her brother paused, "how will that help us?"

"Catch him," replied Mr. Chapin laconically.

"Oh!" replied May, with more than a hint of sarcasm in her tone, "I did not think of that; I wonder I did not think of it!"

The conversation soon turned upon the expected journey, and the escaped patient was not mentioned again until Mr. and Mrs. Chapin were leaving home the next morning.

"You are not afraid to stay alone, are you, May?" asked Mrs. Chapin.

"I am not alone," replied May. "Bridget is in the kitchen, and there are neighbors almost within call. Besides, what could happen?"

"The patient from the asylum might call," replied Mrs. Chapin.

May Chapin laughed. "I would much rather see him than Harry Briston," she said.

"What did I say that for?" she said half aloud as she watched them drive away. "I am afraid of that man and I do not want to see Harry Briston, but I can't stay here like a piece of goods in a shop window, and Frank ought to know it."

Later Bridget came with a pitiful story. Her mother was sick, could she go to her for one hour? And in the kindness of her heart Miss Chapin hurried away and bade her stay until night. Then as the gate banged behind Bridget's substantial figure, and Miss Chapin realized that she was really alone, she locked every door in the house.

But as the hours dragged by and nothing occurred, she grew weary of the stillness of the house, and unlocking a side door, stepped into the garden. She was bending over a rose-bush when the click of the gate aroused her; she looked up and grew pale.

A young man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, was approaching. Even in her sudden alarm Miss Chapin felt a thrill of pity for the intruder.

It was too sad that one so young and handsome should be insane; for she had no doubt the man before her was the escaped lunatic, the man that had kept her in fear all day. A gent eman evidently, and the advertisement had described him well. But when his dark eyes met her own she could scarcely believe that the light of reason had fled. Magnetic eyes they were, that drew her thought into words before their owner had uttered a sentence.

"I—I—have been expecting you all day," she faltered.

A look of surprise came into the gentleman's face.

May noticed the change in his expression.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "perhaps I ought not to have said that, I am afraid he doesn't like it. I must say something else." She hesitated and coughed.

"Of course, I'm glad to see you," she began. "Frank, my brother, was telling me all about you this morning. How handsome and nice you were, and all that, you know," she added hastily, fearing that he might, with the cunning of the insane, guess the purport of her brother's communication.

The gentleman stood gravely regarding her; he did not look dangerous, and the great wave of pity that swept over the girl's heart sent the tears to her heart. If she could but secure him in some way—not for the reward, no such unworthy motive moved her, but to save him from aimless, helpless wandering, perhaps from death, and to restore him to his friends. She looked about helplessly; her eyes fell upon a jar of preserved fruit placed in the open window of the pantry to cool. A bright thought came to her just as the gentleman spoke:

"I am Harry—"

"Yes, yes, I know!" she interrupted, "I knew you were coming. I—I was going to carry these preserves down cellar." She dragged the jar from the window ledge as she spoke.

"They are so heavy! won't you please carry them for me! That is, you know, if you would just as lief," she added hastily.

The gentleman stepped forward and took the jar.

"Certainly," he replied courteously, his grave eyes regarding her, "which way, please?"

"Down these steps if you will be so kind, please; my brother had an outside cellar door put in under this side porch. A fortunate thing, and very convenient."

"I shouldn't think such steep stairs very convenient," said the gentleman.

"Oh! dear, no, you are right. They are not convenient," replied Miss Chapin quickly. "Would you please put the jar in a cupboard you will find down there? You don't mind the dark, do you? you are not afraid of it? I mean," she explained confusedly, "you can see in the dark, can't you?"

The gentleman, half way down the narrow stairs, paused and seemed about to speak, but his words were lost in the clang of the lock on the door as Miss Chapin banged it to and turned the key. Then she sank down on the porch step, weak and trembling.

Usually the first thought that comes after some great danger or excitement is trivial.

"Now," said Miss Chapin to herself, "he will have a paroxysm and break the preserve jar!"

There was a few moments of suspense while she waited for some sound to announce the arrival of the expected paroxysm, but all was silent. She began to feel a sense of relief, almost of exhilaration. Then the face of her prisoner appeared behind the screen in the small square ventilator in the wall near the door. He watched her a moment or two before attracting her attention.

"I have put the jar where you told me to," he said, "now may I come out?"

"Oh! do stay a little longer, please. I'd so like to have you stay until my brother comes, if you please. He'll be so glad to see you! You will, won't you? And it is cooler down there than anywhere else. There is a bench down there and you can lie down and go to sleep. It will do your poor head so much good. There," she added coaxingly, "go away from the window now. I don't want to talk any more now."

How glad she was that she had fastened the inside doors, else he might find his way up into the kitchen. The face disappeared, and she grew courageous, and presently went into the house and opening the piano began to play soft airs that she fancied might soothe her prisoner to slumber. "I will not tell Frank and Carrie until they are rested," she thought.

They came before she expected them. Carrie's face wore a conscious look, and Frank glanced about the parlor expectantly.

"Why, May," he began, "where is Harry? He came this afternoon and Carrie and I stayed away so that you two might get acquainted. Have you captured him?"

May's face was a picture of dismay as a hint of the truth flashed upon her.

"I—I'm afraid I have, Frank," she stammered. "He—he is shut down cellar with the vegetables. I thought it was the insane man."

And without another word, but with an ill-get-even-with-you look at her brother, she ran up the stairs, followed by Frank's shouts of laughter, and shut herself into her room.

Half an hour later Carrie tapped at the door.

"Come down, now, May," she said, "Frank has smoothed the way for you and has left Mr. Briston in the parlor alone. Come, you must apologize before—" with a spice of mischief in her tone—"you go to Cousin Mason's."

May went down, and, as Frank afterwards said, made her apologies like a man. That they were accepted may be inferred from the fact that when, six weeks later, she made her intended visit to Cousin Mason, she was Harry Briston's promised wife.

Dick, the Seagull.

It is well known that birds return year after year to build their nests in the same place, often in the same tree. The Boston Transcript reports a more surprising case, in which a winter visitor from the north, a seagull, has been known to manifest a similar local attachment.

It is twenty years since Dick first came aboard the lightship which lifts and dips over Brenton's reef, the roughest bit of water in Narragansett Bay, and one of the most dangerous spots upon the Atlantic coast. For twenty years he has shared with the crew had to eat; has been their gentle and affectionate pet; has taken his part of the weather and enjoyed it all.

At just such a time every spring he has disappeared, to spend the summer on his native shores, but every autumn has found him back again for the fierce and dreary winter.

He never returned looking so worn and out-of-feather as he did last autumn. Age is telling on him, and for three or four springs the sailors have watched his departure with sad misgivings.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

PEAS FOR FAMILY USE.

No farmer should be without two or three pea patches planted in succession, so as to have a supply of this delicious vegetable as long as possible. Have the rows far enough apart to run a cultivator between, and sow the sweet, wrinkled varieties that are the best and cannot often be bought by city residents. The farmer should make it part of his privilege as a farmer to have earlier, better vegetables than he could have off the farm, and to have them a longer time. If he regards this supply of healthful and delicious food for his family as he should, no part of the farm will pay better than that he has devoted to growing peas for home use.—[Boston Cultivator.

WHITEWASH FOR BARN.

The use of limewash on fence and farm buildings is certainly an economy, as the lime tends to preserve the wood from decay, and is fatal to many small insect vermin which gather about them. A wash that will stand the weather is made by slacking one peck of fresh lime in a barrel with hot water. When it is fully slacked and is like a soft paste, it is thinned with boiling water to the consistency of thin cream. One pound of rice flour boiled in water to a thin paste is stirred in with the lime. Two pounds of common soap or tallow are then sliced and melted in the hot liquid, which is strained and used at once. It is kept hot while it is spread. For buildings, the glaring white, which is deemed objectionable by some persons, but which is productive of coolness inside by its reflection of the heat of the sun, is avoided by adding sufficient water lime to it to make a gray color, or a brown may be made by adding some burned umber. Only mineral colors can be used, as vegetable ones are destroyed by the lime.—[New York Times.

SUPERIOR HORSES.

A correspondent of the Cultivator and Country Gentleman writes: "A traveller interested in horses cannot fail to note that in the British Isles the common horses, as seen in cabs, etc., are of a higher type than those he has seen anywhere else; that they show better form, more spirit and greater capability for quick work, and that it is plainly because of the much larger infusion of thoroughbred blood. But after watching the equine procession of the Champs Elysees and at Hyde Park corner, he will be surprised to find that the French pleasure horses excel the English in form and finish, though both are almost wholly of English thoroughbred blood. The English being more thoroughly horsemen, having given preference to winning strains; the French, of more artistic tastes, have bred for beauty. The French Government has all along selected in England for breeding purposes, thoroughbreds of good size and high form."

WASTE LAND.

On a large number of farms there are acres and acres of good land which every year not only lie idle but are allowed to grow sufficient noxious weeds to seed the whole farm. The owner never seems to realize that he has to pay taxes and interest on the mortgage (for there is always a mortgage on such a farm) which often amounts to a fair cash rent. Land is getting too high for us longer to allow weeds to hold possession of what should be our best pasture land. When a deep draw runs through a farm there is always points of ploughed land along either side of it which all will admit must always be provoking to plough, to plant and cultivate, and to husk when planted to corn. Then why not straighten the fields and sow the points to grass and fence up the draw? In the bottom, where the big weeds grow, sow some blue grass and a variety of the clovers, principally white Dutch. Keep the weeds down till the grass gets a start, and you will be surprised to see how much nicer the farm looks, and you will find it so handy to turn the horses into the draw pasture. In fact, the draws can be made to pay just as well as any part of the farm.

I have noticed many pastures along streams where nearly a fourth of the land was covered with wild bushes and worthless shrubs where otherwise the most luxuriant grasses would grow, and I have noticed the cattle in poor condition for want of food. If there is a time for everything, and I believe there is, there ought to be a time to clean up those brush patches.

If we could only wake up and overcome these loose ways of doing things which we drifted into when land was cheap and unimproved and few cattle

were kept, we would not find it so hard to raise the interest on the loan every year, and it would be possible to even pay off the mortgage when it becomes due.—[Nebraska Farmer.

STACKING HAY AND GRAIN.

As between the two common methods of preserving hay and grain from damage after they have been harvested and properly cured, storing under the shelter of a good barn will unquestionably result in the least loss. It is, however, quite often necessary to stack at least a portion of one or both from the want of enough barn room. In such cases it is highly important that the stacks should be properly constructed. Here the safety of the grain or hay depends largely on the experience of the man who builds the stack. Any farm hand can pitch hay or sheaves of grain from a wagon, but unless the stacker is a man of some experience in the business, and with a good eye for proportions and outlines, the stack is quite certain to be faulty in shape, and probably so lopsided that one-half of it will offer but little resistance to rain.

While the shape of a stack is very important, the manner of laying on the hay or sheaves while building it is equally so. In all cases the centre of the stack should be kept the highest, so that the incline of the sheaves or forks of hay as they are laid on shall be outward. Again, hay should not be tramped down on the stack in wads and rolls, but should fall flat from the fork so as to make as compact and water resisting a body as possible.

When a stack has been properly topped off and presents no rough or jagged outlines from top to bottom, it affords quite a safe method for protecting either hay or grain that cannot be cared for in a barn.

Clover is more liable to damage and harder to be protected from wet in stacks than are the finer-stemmed hay grasses, and where there is only room for one variety of hay in the barn it is best to put the clover into the mow.—[New York World.

EXERCISE AND SHELTER FOR STOCK.

If free to choose between barn and field, stock will seek shelter only during storms. Experiments by J. W. Sanborn in the dry, cold climate of northern Utah (B. 11) seem to prove that this "natural inclination" is also the most profitable to the farmer. The cattle ate more when in the open air than when stabled, and much of the extra food was coarse material refused in the stable. The open-air cattle gained the most weight in the same time. Four years of experiment has shown that in a dry climate, stabled cattle use more feed for a pound of growth than those not stabled. Cattle kept in yards surrounded by high windbreaks did better than those kept in the open field and better than those stabled. Steers turned out every day, and others kept loose in box-stalls, did better than those tied in stables, proving that cattle need exercise.

Work horses, blanketed in the stable at night, and wearing blankets beneath their harness during the day, did not hold their weight as well as those without blankets. No trials were made with stable horses blanketed only while being worked on stormy days. None of the trial cattle were allowed a choice of shelter. No comparison was made between horned and hornless or dehorned cattle. Sheds were not tried. No experiments were made with cattle given the choice of the open field, the sheltered yard, the open shed, and the closed stable. Nevertheless, the experiments prove that exercise in pure air and sunlight is necessary to supply the appetite which eats and thoroughly digests the most possible food in the shortest time.—[American Agriculturist.

FAIRM AND GARDEN NOTES.

See that the cows have access to salt every day. They know best when to help themselves.

When practicable, let the cows be milked regularly as to time, and by the same person.

Glucose will prevent the granulation of honey in cold weather. It is very seldom that pure honey will not granulate.

The three single eyes of the bees serve to aid them in their work at night, emitting that mysterious phosphorescence seen in other insects.

Avoid too much driving, annoyance and worry. Any harsh treatment that excites a cow lessens the quantity and injures the quality of her milk.

Color is not an essential with market poultry except when it injures the looks of the dressed poultry. A yellow skin helps the sale of dressed chickens.

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

A RAT, A COW AND A HOG.

THEY ATTACK THREE PRISONERS, AND ALL OF THEM HAD NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

Dell, an 8-year-old son of C. C. Biers, of Hyde Park, near Montrose, was out with his younger brother, the latter in a small wagon which Dell pulled. The wheels of the vehicle ran over the tail of a rat. The infuriated rodent jumped at little Dell and fastened its teeth in his finger. The little fellow cried for help, and endeavored to shake off the rat, but without success. He at last ran to a near-by barn, against which he swung the rat until the animal was killed. The rat did not let go the boy's finger until dead. Soon after Dell's finger began to swell, and in a short time the boy was in a terrible condition. The doctor in attendance says there is a chance for the boy's recovery.

The 2-year-old daughter of Mr. John Ludington, who resides near Troy, Bradford county, was terribly gored by an angry cow. The child was playing within a few feet of her father, and the cow caught her upon its horns and threw her into the air. One of the horns entered the child's mouth, lacerating the roof of the mouth, piercing the cheek, and making a ragged wound near the ear. The child will be permanently disfigured.

Jesse Parsons, of Columbia Cross Roads, was seriously injured by a savage hog. He was attempting to drive the hog into a yard when the animal turned upon him, and threw him to the ground, tearing open his groin with his tusks and biting him in several places. Fortunately his dog was at hand and attracted the animal's attention, or Mr. Parsons would have been killed.

A USEFUL BEETLE.

A CORRESPONDENT at Shaversville, Berks county, reports the discovery there of a beetle that kills potato bugs, which are unusually plentiful this year. The beetle is as large as the common house fly, and its color is blue with a brown head. It attacks the potato bug on the back, and kills it while holding it with its two forelegs.

A YOUNG HEROINE.

PHILADELPHIA, CENTER COUNTY.—A sad drowning accident is reported from Paoli about eight miles from here. An eight-year-old son of Frank Fuller and a fifteen-year-old daughter of Henry Mansell were crossing the Mashannon creek at the place on a foot bridge. The little fellow was ahead, and the stream being swollen, he became dizzy and fell in. The girl made an attempt to rescue the boy, but the turbulent waters were too much for her, and she was also swept down the stream, and both perished. Both bodies were recovered.

THE END OF A VENTURESOME CO.

Last week Farmer Butterbaugh, of Homer City, missed a valuable cow and hunted for her for some time. Some days afterwards one of the family went into an old cellar under the house, where the animal was found dead. She had entered the open door and knocking down the prop which held it open, was shut in and starved to death.

The railroad bridge at Harrison City, on the Manor Valley railroad, was destroyed by fire, caused by a spark from a passing locomotive.

A CRACK in the earth three-fourths of a mile long threatens to engulf Taylorsville. Much excitement prevails.

AFTER mining for 50 years without an accident, Solomon Charlesworth of Shaner station, was so severely injured by a fall of slate that he will die.

The barn, outbuildings, crops and farming implements belonging to Alfred Houston, near Carlisle, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss \$3,000; fully insured.

The Democratic county committee met at Meadville to-day and endorsed the Prohibition candidate for congress, Hon. J. C. Sibley, of Franklin, Venango county, and nominated the following assembly ticket: P. M. Cutsbill, William R. McGill and R. C. McMasters.

The Democratic county convention met at Bedford this afternoon. H. H. Hill, L. C. Markle and G. W. Brodie were elected Congressional Congressmen. The following ticket was nominated: Legislature, Josiah Amos and David Holderbaum; Poor Director, Nathan Clapper; County Surveyor, C. W. Blackburn.

The Presbyterian congregation of Uniontown has decided to build a fine stone church. It will cost not less than \$80,000.

JOHN BOULEY, a prominent citizen of Lebanon, aged 73, dropped dead in the Nypa depot at Meadville. He had been visiting a son here, and expired as he was about purchasing a ticket to return home.

SIX members of the McKeesport family of Joseph Morris were poisoned Monday by cream sponge cake. All were saved.

A FUNERAL procession in East Mahoning, Indiana county, was caught in a windstorm, which overturned carriages and caused a panic. Much damage was done to buildings and vegetation.

UNIONTOWN will spend \$15,000 in paving streets with vitrified brick this summer.

The sheriff of Blair county took possession of the grocery establishment of Kaitson & Bigby at Altoona. Liabilities are said to be \$25,000; assets, \$12,000.

This spring Peter Steer, of North Mahoning township, Allegheny county, purchased some phosphate for his own beds. Several pounds remained in a barrel and a nest for an old hen was made on top of the phosphate. She brought out her 15 chickens in just 15 days. Another hen was set at the same time, but it took her the usual time, 21 days, to bring out her brood.

THIEVES stole two valuable horses with saddles and bridles from the stables of Levi B. Springer, a wealthy farmer near Uniontown.

EX-JUDGE ROBERT STEWART, well known in Blair county, died at Altoona, aged 61 years.

THOMAS WILDE, of Fetterman, had both legs taken off by the wheels of a freight train which he attempted to board at Wampum.

A. B. LESHER, a well-known merchant tailor of Shoemakersville, while out fishing was drowned.

HENRY SHAW, of Pottsville, was sentenced to eight years solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary for the murder of Davis E. Quinn.

ENGLAND has sent the editor of an anarchist journal to prison for a year and a half. She will not allow a free press to be used by social demagogues to incite to murder.